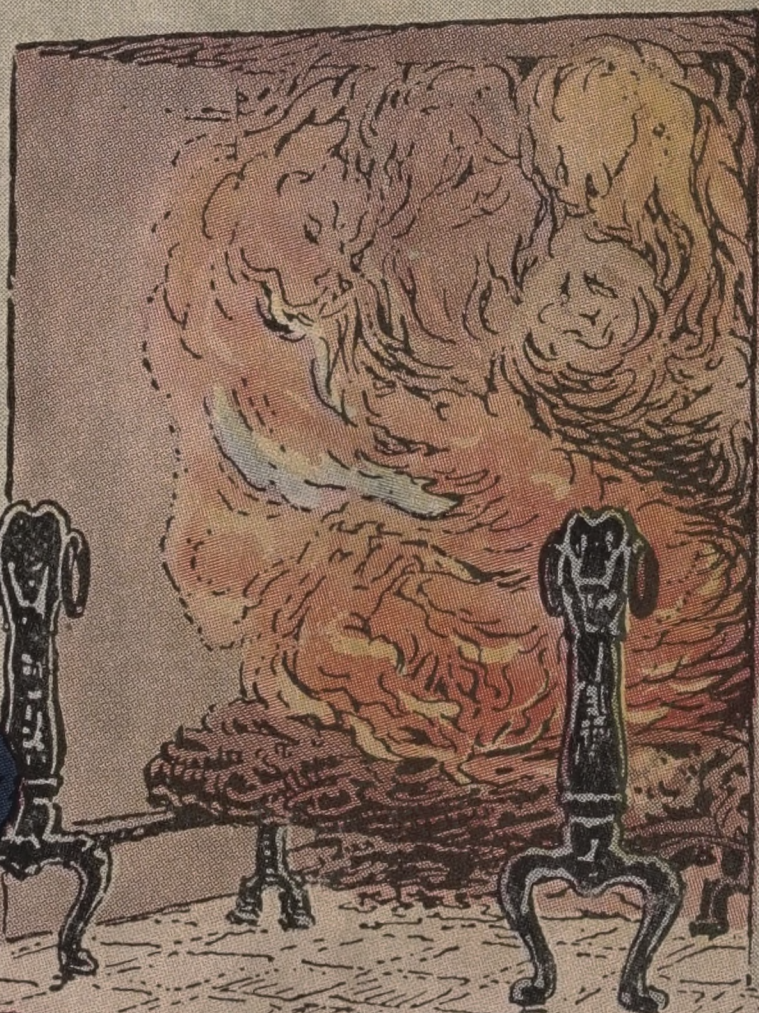
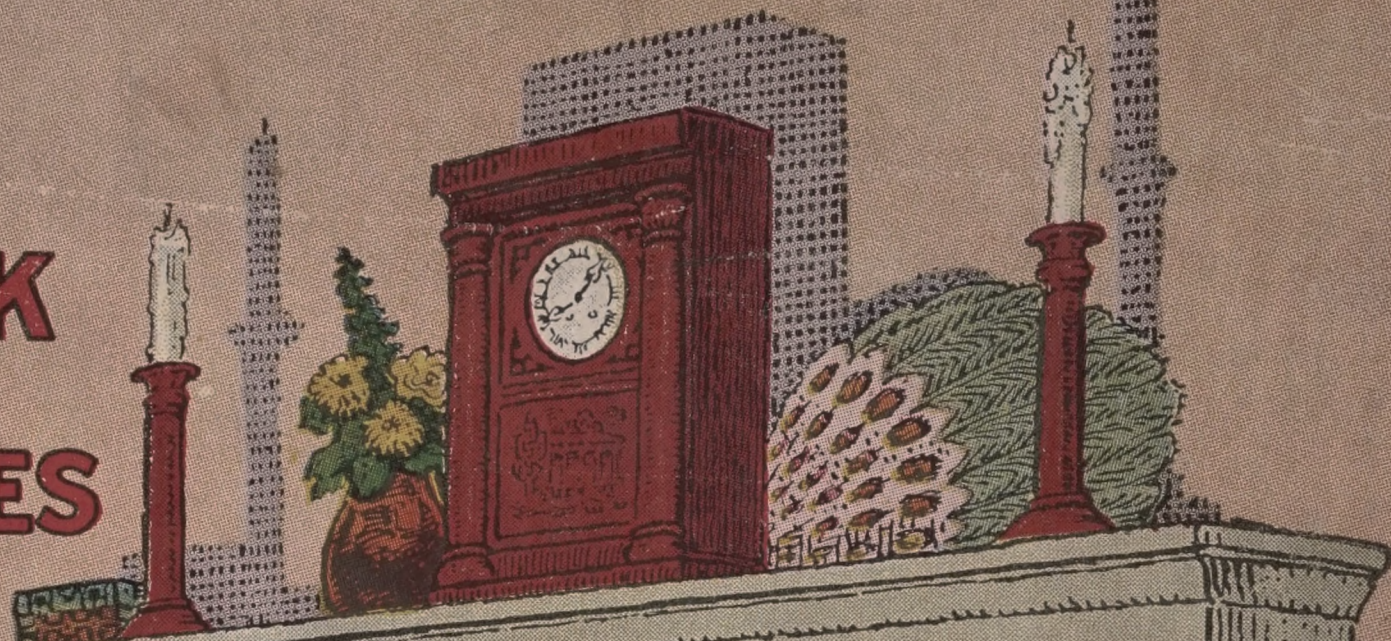


ALL'ROUND OUR HOUSE

A BOOK of VERSES for CHILDREN



FT MEADE
GenColl

RUPERT S. HOLLAND



Class PZ 8

Book .3

Copyright No. H 719

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

A







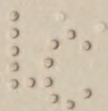
THE TEAPOT DRAGON



ALL 'ROUND
OUR HOUSE
by
RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
SAMUEL M. PALMER



PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE W. JACOBS & Co.
PUBLISHERS



PZ 8
.3
H719
A



Es. T. N. May 22, 1911

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

Copyright, 1919, by
GEORGE W. JACOBS & COMPANY .

All rights reserved
Printed in U. S. A.

MAY 13 1919 ©CLA515535

no 1

To Margaret

To little children everywhere
Who like to read and play,
We hope this book of verse may bring
A happy holiday.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE TEAPOT DRAGON.....	<i>Frontispiece</i>	✓
THE CUCKOO IN OUR CLOCK.....	13	✓
Ps AND Qs.....	23	✓
JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT	35	✓
THE SECRETS OF OUR GARDEN	43	✓
FOOLISH FLOWERS	57	✓
THE FIRE-DOGS	65	✓
JACK FROST	75	✓

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.....	9
I. THE TEAPOT DRAGON.....	10
II. THE SHADOWS ON THE STAIRS.....	11
III. THE CUCKOO IN OUR CLOCK.....	12
IV. GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK	17
V. THE SNOW MAN.....	19
VI. ONCE ON A TIME.....	20
VII. FLAME FAIRIES	21
VIII. Ps AND Qs	22
IX. THE EASTER BUNNY.....	26
X. MR. PEACOCK	28
XI. IN THE ORCHARD.....	29
XII. THE FLITTERMOUSE	30
XIII. THE FROG CHORUS.....	32
XIV. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT	34
XV. FIREFLIES	38
XVI. THE RAINBOW'S POT OF GOLD.....	39
XVII. MIDSUMMER NIGHT	40
XVIII. THE SECRETS OF OUR GARDEN.....	42
XIX. INDIAN PIPES	45
XX. FATHER GANDER	46
XXI. JACK-A-LANTERN	48
XXII. OUR POND	49

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XXIII.	TOADSTOOLS	51
XXIV.	THE WINDMILL	52
XXV.	FISHING	53
XXVI.	ON STILTS	55
XXVII.	FOOLISH FLOWERS	56
XXVIII.	OLD MAN MOLE.....	59
XXIX.	THE MILKY WAY.....	61
XXX.	COBWEBS	63
XXXI.	THE FIRE-DOGS	64
XXXII.	MR. OWL	67
XXXIII.	IN THE ATTIC.....	68
XXXIV.	HALLOWE'EN	70
XXXV.	THE STORY HOUR.....	71
XXXVI.	THE CHINA MANDARIN.....	72
XXXVII.	WHEN I GROW UP.....	73
XXXVIII.	JACK FROST	74
XXXIX.	MISS MANNERS	77
XL.	A WINTER'S NIGHT.....	78

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

INTRODUCTION

Grown people have a lot of friends,
But they're so very tall,
And always mind their manners so
When they come in to call,
It seems as if they didn't see
The things we see at all.

Our house is really full of things,
The garden's crowded too;
But grown-ups always talk so much
They never get a view
Of half the things that show themselves
To me, and p'raps to you.

I wonder why grown people think
They know much more than we?
They always act as if they did
When they come in to tea;
And yet I'm sure they never saw
One-half of what we see!

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

I

THE TEAPOT DRAGON

There's a dragon on our teapot,
With a long and crinkly tail,
His claws are like a pincer-bug,
His wings are like a sail;

His tongue is always sticking out,
And so I used to think
He must be very hungry, or
He wanted tea to drink.

But once when Mother wasn't round
I dipped my fingers in,
And when I pulled them out I found
I'd blistered all the skin.

Now when I see the dragon crawl
Around our china pot,
I know he's burned his tongue because
The water is so hot.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

II

THE SHADOWS ON THE STAIRS

When Mother used to say to me,
"It's time to go to bed," I'd see
The shadow people waiting there
To frighten me upon the stair.

I'd run as fast as I could fly
For fear they'd stop me passing by;
They were so queer and big and black,
And kept so close behind my back.

But shadow folk aren't really mean,
For Father showed us on a screen
How very much they like to play,
Only they never can by day.

So now, instead of running by
The shadow people on the sly,
I play with them, because you see
They like to be good friends with me.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

III

THE CUCKOO IN OUR CLOCK

Sometimes when I am reading,
Or have just come in the house,
I hear a little rustle—
It might have been a mouse;
And then a tiny whistle,
A very gentle knock,
I know it means he's coming—
The cuckoo in our clock!

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"
He flaps his wings and calls,
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"
Up and down the halls.
No matter what the weather—
If it be night or day,
That funny little fellow
Will always come and say,
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"
"Look you! Look you!"
"What o'clock it is I'll tell,
"Then quickly fly away!"



THE CUCKOO IN OUR CLOCK

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

Once I heard him coming
And climbed upon a chair;
I thought he'd wait a minute
If he should see me there;
Out he hopped and cuckooed,
His wings began to rock,
He winked at me, and then he
Popped back into the clock!

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
"Wait a minute pray!
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
"Hear what I've to say!
"I want to tell you something,
"I'll whisper in your ear,
"It's something really very nice,
"That you'll be glad to hear!
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
"Look you! Look you!
"Please come to my party,
"My birthday's very near!"

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

He doesn't care for parties,
He doesn't care to play,
It must be that he's counting
The minutes of the day;
Or else he's got a secret
He keeps with key and lock,
He doesn't want to show me
The inside of his clock!

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"
He calls when I'm in bed,
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"
I see him nod his head;
He's always on the minute,
He's prompt as prompt can be—
Mother says she wishes
I was as prompt as he—
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"
"Look you! Look you!"
"I like you very, very much,
"Why won't you play with me?"

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

IV

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

Up the stairs to the landing-place,
Just this side of the window-seat,
Grandfather's clock is standing there,
Keeping time with its steady beat.

Grandfather's clock is very old,
It came from Scotland, so they say,
And was telling time a century past,
Just as it's telling time today.

Grandfather's clock is a ruddy brown,
So tall and straight, with a big square face,
And two great weights move up and down
Inside the door of its shiny case.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

And over the dial that tells the time
 There's a painted ship on a rolling sea,
And moons, both quarters and new and full,
 That tell you just how the moon should be.

I like to stop on the landing-place—
 I don't suppose that a clock can see,
Yet sometimes when I'm admiring it,
 The face on the moon seems to smile at me.

A wonderful thing is my grandfather's clock;
 And it must have made him feel so proud
When he brought it here and set it up
 And heard it begin to tick out loud!

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

V

THE SNOW MAN

We built a great big man of snow,
With eyes of coal and a wooden nose,
And pebbles for buttons down his coat,
A dozen pebbles in double rows.

We stuck a soap-bubble pipe in his mouth,
And on his head put an old straw hat,
And gave him a cane to hold him up,
For our Snow Man was very fat!

He was a wonderful sight to see
When we got him made of hard-packed
snow,
And he was tough as a forest tree,
I slapped him once—and I ought to know!

For a week he stood by the garden gate,
For a week the weather was cold and dry,
And then all the ice began to melt,
And the sun shone out in a warmer sky.

And the Snow Man dripped and dripped and
dripped,
Melted away in the soft spring air,
Till only the pebbles and pipe and hat,
The wood and the pieces of coal were there.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

VI

ONCE ON A TIME

“Once on a time,” the stories say,
There were magicians, fairies, sprites,
And all the world was like the tales
We read in “The Arabian Nights;”
When birds and animals could talk,
And magic carpets sailed through space;
It must have been great fun to live
In such a fascinating place!

“Once on a time” there was a prince,
So brave and wise and handsome too,
There wasn’t any task he tried
But what he found a way to do;
He always won the princess’ hand,
And lived as happy as could be;
I wish the things that fell to him
Would happen some fine day to me!

“Once on a time” was very nice,
With witches, dragons, goblins, elves;
It doesn’t seem as if such things
Could ever happen to ourselves;
Of course, they may be only tales,
And yet how could the men who drew
The pictures know how fairies looked,
Unless the fairy tales were true?

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

VII

FLAME FAIRIES

Knights on golden prancing steeds,
Elves and goblins leaping higher,
I can see the finest things
In the dancing fire!

Sometimes dragons twist and curl
Tails of red and purple light,
Sometimes giants, sometimes gnomes,
Meet in fearsome fight!

Banners stream above the wood,
Gaily-painted ships sail past
With a green or yellow flag
Flying from the mast.

Then they change from this to that,
Steeds to castles, ships to kings,
And a dragon vanishes
Into golden rings.

Flames are fairies prisoned fast,
Long within the logs they lie;
Once they're free they gaily leap
Upward to the sky!

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

VIII

Ps AND Qs

It takes a lot of letters to make up the alphabet,
And two or three of them are very easy to forget;
There's K—a funny letter—and X and Y and
Z—

There's hardly any use at all for any of those
three!

The vowels are the busy ones, A, E, I, O, U—
They've twice the work that all the other letters
have to do;

I don't know why it is that grown-up people
always choose

To tell us children to be sure and mind our Ps
and Qs.



Ps AND Qs

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

They're funny-looking letters, particularly Q,
It never goes around except in company with U;
P is much more important, it starts off pie and
play,

It's not hard to remember if you think of it that
way;

But lots of words begin with F and H and S and
T,

They're just as worth remembering as any, seems
to me;

Yet when we've strangers in the house, my
parents always say,

"Be sure you don't forget to mind your Ps and
Qs today!"

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

IX

THE EASTER BUNNY

On Easter morning we children run
Out to the orchard in the sun,
Out to the apple and peach trees there,
Where the Easter Bunny has his lair.

Each of us children has a tree—
An old crab-apple belongs to me;
And in the trunk there's a hole so wide
I can easily get my hand inside.

Each hole has a nest of twigs and leaves,
Like those the swallows build in the eaves,
And tucked away in my nest I find
The eggs that the Bunny has left behind.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

Little round eggs of many a hue,
Red and pink and white and blue,
And the Easter eggs are good to eat,
They're made of candy and very sweet.

Kind Mister Rabbit hid them away
Where we could find them on Easter Day;
But no matter how fast we children race,
Of Bunny himself we've seen no trace.

Though once when I quickly turned around,
After the Easter eggs I'd found,
I thought I saw a cotton-tail jump
Back of a berry and grape-vine clump.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

X

MR. PEACOCK

Up and down the garden walk,
Strutting like a king,
Mr. Peacock thinks he owns
Almost everything.

With his tail of green and gold,
And his hundred eyes,
There's no other bird so proud,
Nor one-half so wise.

Daintily he steps along,
With his head held high,
And his gorgeous feather fan
Spread out to the sky.

Mr. Peacock nods his head,
Proud as proud can be,
Then he opens wide his mouth,
And he squawks at me!

He is such a lordly bird,
Gayer than a king,
What a pity it does seem
Peacocks cannot sing!

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XI

IN THE ORCHARD

Apple trees all pink and white,
Pear and cherry too,
Make the orchard a delight
Under skies of blue.

Pear and cherry white as snow,
Quince and plum and peach,
Like the foam the breezes blow
Softly on the beach.

Lovely buds of pink and white,
In our orchard here,
Turn to apples russet bright,
With the growing year.

Then on every orchard bough,
Sweet in autumn air,
What are snowy blossoms now
Will be peach and pear.

But I love the pink and white
Veil across the trees,
Softly blowing with the light
Swelling of the breeze.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XII

THE FLITTERMOUSE

Flittermouse, flittermouse, flying all around our
house;

How I wonder what you're at, funny, foolish,
little bat!

In the window, out the door, swooping down
across the floor,

Do you really want to stay? Are you only out
for play?

On a spring or summer night, when there isn't
any light,

Through the window open wide, I can hear you
fly inside.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

Up and down the wall you swing, hit the ceiling
with your wing;

Often when I lie in bed, I can hear you overhead.

When it's day you're just a mouse, hiding some-
where 'round the house,

In the dusk, and only then, you become a bat
again.

I should think you'd rather fly where the stars
shine in the sky,

But you seem to like our house, funny little
flittermouse!

XIII

THE FROG CHORUS

Come to the marsh when the fireflies glisten,
Come to the bank and stop and listen;
 Big bass frog and little bass frog,
 Some in the reeds and some on a log,
Singing away in the big frog chorus,
Singing away in the pond before us.

Scores and scores of frogs in rows—
How many singers nobody knows—
 Shrill little fellow and big-voiced one,
 Keeping so quiet till set of sun,
And then, when the stars begin to peep,
Starting their basso and tenor and cheep.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

Slowly the moon rides up in the sky,
Dimming the light of the marsh firefly;
Butterflies long have gone to rest,
Birds are safe in their little nest,
But hour after hour the frogs will sing,
For they like that better than anything.

It isn't a regular rousing chorus,
That in the reeds and bog before us—
Croak, croak, croak, the big ones bellow,
Cheep, cheep, cheep, goes the little fellow,
And never stopping to change their song,
The chorus of frogs sings all night long.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XIV

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

Four of us went to the woods one day,
Keeping the trail in the Indian way,
 Creeping, crawling,
 Sometimes sprawling,
Pushing through bushes; and there we found
A little green pulpit stuck in the ground,
And in the pulpit a brown man stood,
Preaching to all the folk in the wood.

We lay as quiet as Indians do,
Because each one of the four of us knew,
 At any sound
 The creatures 'round,
The squirrels and chipmunks, birds and bees,
Would fly away through the ring of trees,
And Jack-in-the-Pulpit would stop his speech
If he knew we four were in easy reach.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

We listened as hard as ever we could,
But not a one of us understood,
Or even heard
A single word,
Though I saw a chipmunk nod his head
As if he knew what the preacher said,
And a big gray squirrel clapped his paws
When he thought it was time for some applause.

Many and many a Jack we've found,
But none of us ever heard a sound;
So I suppose
That Jackie knows
When children try to hear him preach,
And talks in some peculiar speech;
I wonder if we could find a way
To hear what Jacks-in-the-Pulpit say?

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XV

FIREFLIES

Through the bushes, through the trees,
On the summer evening breeze,
Tiny candles gleam and glow,
Lanterns twinkle to and fro.

O'er the flowers and o'er the grass
Little wingéd beacons pass,
Darting in and out and over,
Like the bees in fields of clover.

Now you see a candle shine
Where the rambler roses twine,
Then a row of lamps are gleaming
Where the hollyhocks are dreaming.

Fireflies on a summer night
Keep the garden world alight;
Show their candles, put them out,
As they wing their way about.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XVI

THE RAINBOW'S POT OF GOLD

It rained today; and what do you think
When the sun came out and the sky turned pink,
There was a rainbow 'most as high
As the very tip-top part of the sky!

One end of the rainbow reached the hill
That's just beyond our old stone mill.
"Come on!" I cried to Molly and Dick.
"We'll find the pot of gold right quick!"

Over the wall we jumped, and flew
Past the barn and the stone mill too,
Up the hill the three of us ran
To where the wonderful bow began.

We looked on the grass, we looked all 'round,
But not a sign of the pot we found.
Then Dick pointed up to the sky and cried:
"Why, the rainbow's moved 'way off one side!"

We chased it again, but again we found
The rainbow was dancing over the ground.
I wonder if people only pretend
There's a pot of gold at the rainbow's end?

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XVII

MIDSUMMER NIGHT

If you're in the woods on Midsummer Night,
And the moon is full and clear,
Maybe you'll see some wonderful things
Not very far from here.

If you find a circle of oak and beech,
With carpet of moss between,
You must be sure to hide behind
A twisted black-thorn screen.

Then if you're lucky and find the spot,
And willing to wait a while,
Perhaps you'll see the fairies dance,
After the fairy style.

All hands round in a fairy ring,
And weaving in and out,
With never a sound to let one know
The dancers are about.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

Light as thistledown on the moss,
With flickering firefly wands,
Acorn caps on their tiny heads,
Mantles of green fern-fronds.

There in the silver summer night
Round and round they swing,
Keeping time to the breeze that blows
Over the fairy ring.

I haven't found just the right place yet,
Or perhaps I left too soon,
And they only dance on Midsummer Night,
In the light of a clear full moon.

But I mean to hunt through the oak and beech,
I may find the ring by chance;
For I greatly want to be watching there
Next time that the fairies dance.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XVIII

THE SECRETS OF OUR GARDEN

You think it's only a garden,
With roses along the wall;
I'll tell you the truth about it—
It isn't a garden at all!

It's really Robin Hood's forest,
And over by that big tree
Is the very place where fat Friar Tuck
Fought with the Miller of Dee.

And back of the barn is the cavern
Where Rob Roy really hid;
On the other side is a treasure-chest
That belonged to Captain Kidd.

That isn't the pond you see there,
It's an ocean deep and wide,
Where six-masted ships are waiting
To sail on the rising tide.

Of course it looks like a garden,
It's all so sunny and clear—
You'd be surprised if you really knew
The things that have happened here!



THE SECRETS OF OUR GARDEN

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XIX

INDIAN PIPES

Years and years and years ago,
Before Columbus put to sea,
There wasn't any garden here,
That oak was just a little tree.

There wasn't any house or barn,
Just fields and rivers, hills and wood;
Perhaps where I am standing now
A lot of Indian wigwams stood.

This all belonged to Indians then,
There wasn't any white man here,
And yet today there's not a sign
That there were ever red men near.

Yes, there's one thing the red men left,
To show us where their wigwams stood,
I've often found small Indian pipes
Growing in clumps throughout the wood.

The pipes are little silky things,
That push up through the moss and mould,
And yet they're all that's left to show
Of Indians in the days of old!

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XX

FATHER GANDER

We've heard a lot of Mother Goose—
But who was Father Gander?
That's what I wonder,
Where did he wander?
Did he live in a great big shoe
As the crowd of children used to do?
Was he the man so very wise
That the bramble-bush scratched out his eyes;
Or one of the very famous three
Who took a sieve when they went to sea?

Mother Goose is known to all—
Not so Father Gander;
Often I wonder
Where he used to wander—
Was Jack Horner his own son?
Did he like to see the fun
When Miss Muffet ran away
With her bowl of curds and whey?
Or try to help Bo Peep
When she shepherded her sheep?

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

There's no one like Mother Goose—
 She is a wonder!
 As for Father Gander,
 He used to wander
Far away to see the clown
When the circus came to town;
Watch the cat upon the fiddle
Play the tune "Hey Diddle Diddle;"
See the mouse run up the clock
Just like Hickery Dickery Dock;
Hear the little dog laugh out loud
To see the pranks of the merry crowd;
And stare like a regular country loon
When the cow jumped over the rising moon.

XXI

JACK-A-LANTERN

Jack-a-lantern, Jack-a-lantern,
Playing over swamp and bog,
Running hither, running thither,
Leaping high from log to log;
When it's dim and damp and misty,
I can see you in your twisty
Game of tag across the meadow—
Or perhaps you play leapfrog.

Underneath your little jacket,
Now and then your lantern hides,
That's to keep the dew of twilight
From its gleaming crystal sides;
But when o'er the moor you're dancing,
Over lowlands gaily prancing,
Then your little lantern, glancing,
Jackie's footsteps surely guides.

There's another name they call you,
Will-o'-the-Wisp; but Jack or Will,
You're the same fantastic fellow,
Hiding in the grass until
Evening shadows start to creep,
Birds and bees have gone to sleep,
Then, with lantern lit, you leap
Out upon the hill.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XXII

OUR POND

Our pond is not so very big,
And yet one summer day
A sloop, a schooner and a brig
Sailed out across the bay.

The sloop was bound for far Japan,
To bring home tea and rice,
The schooner sailed around Cape Ann
With Yankee merchandise.

The brig was headed for the Horn,
To sail through tropic seas,
But on her second outward morn
She met a sudden breeze

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

That sent her scudding from her track;
And so the "Saucy Sal"
Sailed through, upon her starboard tack,
The Panama Canal.

There's many a sunken rock and reef,
Although the pond looks still,
And many a ship has come to grief,
And many another will.

But though they're often tempest-tossed,
When storm-winds rise and blow,
Not one of all the ships is lost—
I see to that, you know!

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XXIII

TOADSTOOLS

I found a ring of toadstools,
Yellow, pink and white,
But not a single toad or frog
Was anywhere in sight.

Perhaps the toads sit on them
And so keep their feet dry;
But I should think that toads would find
The footstools rather high.

Maybe when playing leapfrog
The toads jump up and stop,
Or Mother Frog helps baby
To climb upon the top.

But when it's misty weather
Or rain falls from the sky,
The stools make fine umbrellas
To keep toads nice and dry.

XXIV

THE WINDMILL

Round and round go the windmill's arms,
Sails against the sky,
I like to watch them slowly wheel
High, ever so high;
Slower or faster as breezes blow,
Round and round the great sails go,
Now on top and now below,
Ever wheeling by.

Here where I sit in the clover field,
I look up the hill,
To the sunny top and the fleecy clouds
And the gray windmill;
Quiet it stands if the breezes fail,
If there's a wind the great arms sail,
Faster and faster if there's a gale,
Faster, faster still.

All day and night the giant sails,
Giant circles go,
Round and up and now on top,
Now again below;
And all the time the old windmill
Follows the breeze's changing will,
And always must, I suppose, until
Winds no longer blow.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XXV

FISHING

Upon the bank with rod and line,
A sinker and a fishhook fine,
I like to sit and cast my bait
For any fishes that may wait.

Sometimes I think I've caught an eel,
So many wriggles I can feel,
But when I pull it up to view,
It's apt to be a twig or two.

Sometimes a whale at least must draw
Upon the line with hungry jaw,
I tug and tug, and when it's free,
I find I've hooked a root or tree.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

And once or twice a minnow ate
The biggest portion of my bait,
But minnows are such tiny fish,
They wouldn't make much of a dish.

Of course it would be fine to hook
A fish that I could really cook,
And every time I feel a bite,
I jerk the rod with all my might.

But even if they steal my bait,
It's pleasant on the bank to wait
With willow rod and a long line,
A sinker and a fishhook fine.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XXVI

ON STILTS

I mount my stilts from the garden wall,
I have to take care that I don't fall,
But once I'm on them away I stalk
Just as the giants used to walk.

I can step over the roses' heads,
Over 'most all of the flower-beds,
And to all sorts of distant places
I can go in a dozen paces.

Seven league boots, the stories say,
Giants wore when they walked away;
I'd like to race a giant or two,
And see what my trusty stilts could do.

Sometimes I wobble when I go slow,
The faster the better on stilts, you know;
But over a smooth and level strip
I can go at a giant's clip.

XXVII

FOOLISH FLOWERS

We've Foxgloves in our garden;
How careless they must be
To leave their gloves out hanging
Where everyone can see!

And Bachelors leave their Buttons
In the same careless way,
If I should do the same with mine,
What would my Mother say?

We've lots of Larkspurs in the yard—
Larks only fly and sing—
Birds surely don't need spurs because
They don't ride anything!

And as for Johnny-Jump-Ups—
I saw a hornet light
On one of them the other day,
He didn't jump a mite!



FOOLISH FLOWERS

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XXVIII

OLD MAN MOLE

Old Man Mole is a busy old soul,
And a busy old soul is he,
With nose in the ground he burrows around,
As blind as blind can be.

Old Man Mole digs a great long hole,
The hole leads down to his door,
He's a parlor and hall, though both very small,
And rooms on the second floor.

Old Man Mole takes a tumble and roll,
You think you will catch him now,
But try as you can, that spry old man
Has slipped down his hall somehow.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

Old Man Mole has a single goal,
To dig and burrow and run,
He's apt to stay in his house all day,
For he doesn't care for the sun.

Old Man Mole—take him on the whole—
Is not a popular chap,
He eats the roots of the young flower-shoots,
So Father puts out a trap.

Old Man Mole is so blind a soul
That the trap he cannot see—
If he'd stop digging 'round all through our
ground
We'd be glad to set him free.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XXIX

THE MILKY WAY

Last night the stars were ever so bright,
And I heard my Father say,
“Look at that great broad path of white,
“And you’ll see the Milky Way.”

I looked where he pointed, and sure enough
There was a track of light,
A million tiny twinkling stars,
Shining out of the night.

Of course I knew that it wasn’t milk;
He was only trying to tease,
Just as he does when he says the moon
Is made out of good green cheese.

“And there’s the Dipper,” my Father said,
“And the stars on its outer side
“Always point to the true North Star,
“The traveller’s surest guide.”

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

There was a dipper, as he said,
I saw it as plain as day,
And the bright North Star wasn't very far
From the path of the Milky Way.

"They must be very careless folk
"Who live in the sky!" I cried.
"Why don't they dip that waste milk up
"In the dipper that's close beside?"

My Father laughed. "Why, the dipper, son,
"Is full of holes. That's why
"The shooting stars fall right straight
through
"And splash across the sky.

"It needs to be soldered tight, and then
"The folk in the sky, I think,
"Will dip up the milk and give it all
"To the great big Bear to drink."

He was only joking; and yet I mean
To look at the sky each night,
To see if the milk's still spilled out there,
Or they've made the dipper tight.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XXX

COBWEBS

Little lacy cobwebs,
Shining in the sun,
What a pretty pattern
Mr. Spider spun!

Spun from an old rafter,
Or from bough of tree,
Sometimes they are hidden
Where no one can see.

Sometimes in the attic,
In a shaft of light,
I see what Mr. Spider
Fashioned in the night.

Delicate as lacework,
Light as puff of air,
Just a breath will send it
Floating anywhere;

Just a finger break it,
Wipe it all away;
See it blow and bend now
As the breezes play.

Patient Mr. Spider
Knows neither you nor I
Could ever spin a cobweb,
No matter how we try!

XXXI

THE FIRE-DOGS

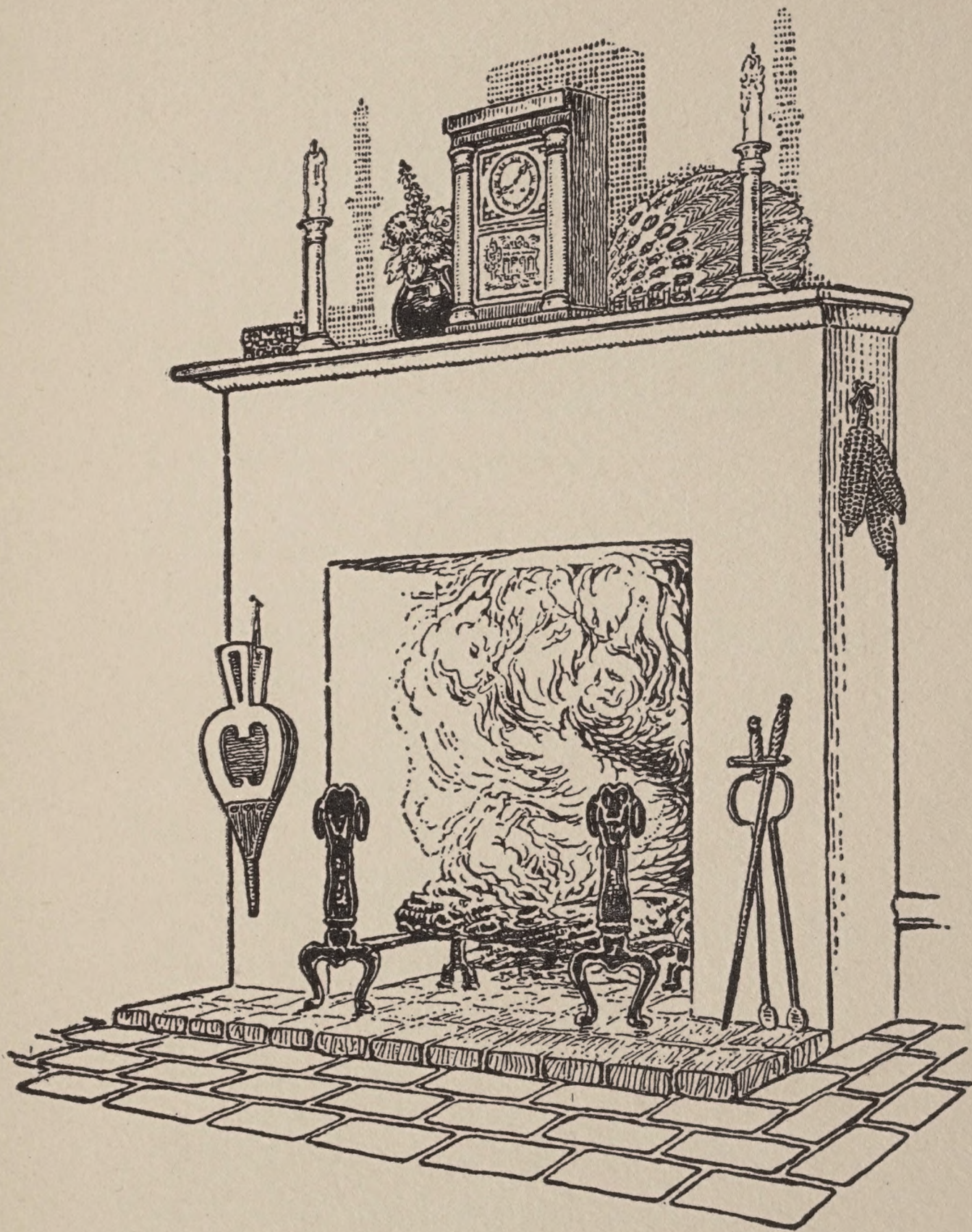
The fire-dogs sit upon the hearth,
Two strong and sturdy fellows,
On one side hang the shining tongs,
The other side the bellows.

The burning logs lie 'cross their backs,
They never seem to feel it;
Or if they really do get hot,
They certainly conceal it.

Perhaps they like to watch the flames
As much as you and I do,
And see strange pictures in the blaze,
As we so often try to.

They look so comfortable and sleek,
They never growl or mumble,
No matter how much wood they bear
You never hear them grumble.

Most puppies like to bark and play:—
But that's not our fire-doggies' way.



THE FIRE-DOGS

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XXXII MR. OWL

“Too-whit! Too-whoo!”
Says Mr. Owl;
“Too-whit! Too-whoo!”
As he looks at me
From under his great white feather cowl,
As he sits on the bough of a tree.
“Too-whit! Too-whoo!”
He’s very wise;
“Who-who? Why you!”
He seems to say
As he stares at me out of his shining eyes,
And then slowly flaps away.
“Too-whit! Too-whoo!”
You hear him call;
“I’ve things to do
“In the woods tonight!
“I’ve word to leave on the creatures small
“I see in the dim starlight!”
“Too-whit! Too-whoo!”
Far, far away;
“I’m looking for you,
“Field-mouse or rat!”
That’s what the big bird seems to say;
And I don’t wonder they run away
When they know what he is at!

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XXXIII

IN THE ATTIC

Come up into the attic some rainy afternoon,
It's full of every kind of curious thing;

There are trunks and old valises,
A big bed that takes to pieces,
A Punch and Judy theatre, and a swing.

There are cobwebs of all sizes in the room,
You can hear the mice out playing in the wall;

There are boots and spurs and saddles,
An old pair of Indian paddles,
And an eight-day clock that doesn't go at all.

But the best of all the treasures that I've found
Is a black box with brass lettering inlaid,

Such a box as old-time sailors,
Gloucester fishermen or whalers,
Used upon the daring voyages they made.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

There are satin suits and dresses in the box,
A three-cornered hat, with a cockade before,
Slippers, sashes, and a big
Curled and powdered periwig
Like the ones the Kings of England always
wore.

Some day I'd like to dress up in a suit,
When I was sure that company was there,
It would be so fine to see
How surprised my Mother'd be
When she saw a cavalier on the stair!

Our attic is a wonderful old place;
Of course it's very spooky when it's dark;
But even in the night,
If you go by candlelight
With a friend or two it's just the place to lark!

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XXXIV

HALLOWE'EN

On Hallowe'en the witches fly
Astride of broom-sticks in the sky,
And goblins romp and run and race
To see the witches fly through space;
For all the sprites of earth and air
Slip out on Hallowe'en and fare
Abroad to dance until the sun
Makes witches, goblins, fairies run.

Upon the garden wall we place
A candle-lighted pumpkin face,
Astride of brooms, in sheets of white,
We gallop in the clear moonlight;
Then when we've had enough of elves,
We're glad to be just our own selves,
And eat as much as we are able
Of nuts and apples on the table.

We'd rather have the witches fly
On Hallowe'en across the sky;
And gladly let the goblins roam,
While we eat supper in our home.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XXXV

THE STORY HOUR

I like it when the lamp is lit,
And bright flames up the chimney flit,
While I lie curled upon the rug,
And all the room is warm and snug;
Then Father reads aloud to me,
From some big book upon his knee,
Some book of stories, knights of old,
Or heroes of the Age of Gold;
What wondrous tales those books can tell,
What great adventures once befell!
And Father smiles and nods his head,
And acts out all the things he's read.

It's most exciting, for I play
The same adventures the next day;
But sometimes I can hardly wait
To meet my Father at the gate,
And have him sit down in his chair,
And quickly turn the pages where
We stopped the tale the night before,
I am so anxious to hear more;
From breakfast to the set of sun,
There's no hour like the story one!

XXXVI

THE CHINA MANDARIN

We have a china mandarin,
Who sits upon a shelf,
And like a funny Cheshire Cat,
He smiles unto himself.

And when you touch his big round head—
A tiny push will do—
The mandarin begins to nod
And bob and bow at you.

He nods and nods and nods and nods,
No matter what you say,
And all the while he's smiling
In a most agreeable way.

I like the china mandarin,
He never shakes his head,
But always shows that he agrees
With everything I've said.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XXXVII

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I mean to go
Where all the biggest rivers flow,
And take a ship and sail around
The Seven Seas until I've found
Robinson Crusoe's famous isle,
And there I'll land and stay a while,
And see how it would feel to be
Lord of an island in the sea.

When I grow up I mean to rove
Through orange and palmetto grove,
To drive a sledge across the snow
Where great explorers like to go,
To hunt for treasures hid of old
By buccaneers and pirates bold,
And see if somewhere there may be
A mountain no one's climbed but me.

When I grow up I mean to do
The things I've always wanted to;
I don't see why grown people stay
At home, when they could be away.

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XXXVIII

JACK FROST

When it's cold in winter-time,
On the window-panes I see
Fairy pictures that Jack Frost
Draws upon the glass for me.

Sometimes they are lovely flowers,
Glittering like a rose of snow,
Sometimes they are palaces,
Where frost princes come and go.

Sometimes they are magic things,
Curlycues and scrolls and stars,
I have found a banner with
Half-a-dozen silver bars.

Once I saw Jack Frost himself,
Sketching pictures just for me,
And his hair and beard and clothes
Were as icy as could be.

His long fingers on the glass
Traced a hundred stars aflame;
But he disappeared before
I could catch him at his game!



JACK FROST

ALL 'ROUND OUR HOUSE

XXXIX

MISS MANNERS

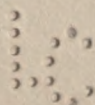
There's a lady comes to call on us,
When Mother has some friends to tea;
But though I see the other guests,
That one—Miss Manners—I don't see.

Yet Mother always says to us,
"Remember, children, that today
"Miss Manners will be here and so
"Be very careful what you say!"

Miss Manners likes us to keep still,
And not to wriggle on our chairs,
Nor speak until we're spoken to,
Nor eat our cakes till guests have theirs.

I'm sure we always keep in mind,
Just what Miss Manners wishes done;
I've listened to what Mother calls
Her visitors, yes, every one,

And yet I've never heard her name
Miss Manners once among them all;
It's funny, because she's the one
That Mother says is sure to call!



XL

A WINTER'S NIGHT

Around the house the wild winds blow,
Against the window beats the snow,
And on the hearth red embers glow,
Upon a winter's night.

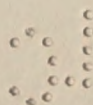
The moon is scudding through cloud-seas;
Hark to the creaking of the trees!
Look yonder where a great owl flees
Before some sudden fright!

But here within our cosy house
We're snug as any fireside mouse,
We care not how the storms carouse
The other side our door;

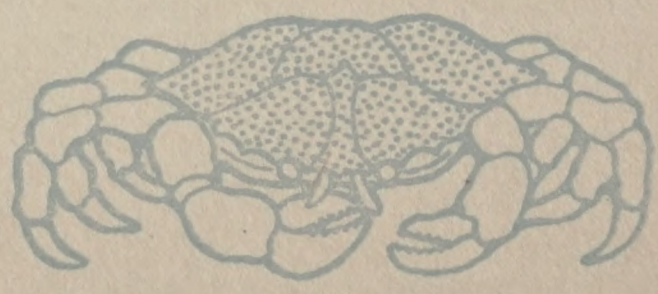
And when I go upstairs to bed,
And after all my prayers I've said,
Upon my pillow lay my head,
I like the wind to roar.

I like to pull the covers tight
About my shoulders in the night,
And watch the flickering firelight
Play out across the rug.

For on a winter's night it's fine
To have as warm a room as mine,
And if I see the snow-flakes shine,
That makes it twice as snug.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020878721

